

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE
AND
DAVID FULTON

VOL. 1.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1844.

NO. 8.

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS

OF THE
WILMINGTON JOURNAL:

Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.
\$3 00 at the end of three months.
3 50 at the expiration of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or less, for the first, and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent will be deducted from an advertising bill when it amounts to thirty dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square. All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent higher.

If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.
Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid.
OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly executed and with dispatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the
JOURNAL OFFICE.

BLANKS,
Of every description may be had at the office of the "Journal," as cheap as can be procured in the State, for cash. Any blanks wanted, and not on hand, will be printed at the shortest possible notice.

CORNELIUS MYERS'
HAT & CAP STORE,
MARKET-STREET—Wilmington, N. C.
Hats and Caps at wholesale and retail. 717

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 4th, 1844. 3-ly

WILLIAM COOKE,
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
General & Express Merchant,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
For the sale of Flumber, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce. 1-ly
Sept. 21, 1844.

EDWARD P. BARKIS,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-ly

W. W. SHAW,
Wholesale & Retail Druggist
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Gems from Pious Authors.

A Ground for Steadfastness.—If I were not penetrated with a conviction of the truth of the Bible, and the reality of my own experience, I should be confounded on all sides—from within and from without—in the world and in the church.—*Cecil.*

Use of Afflictions.—Afflictions are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.—*Jay.*

A Good Conscience.—Speak not well of any untruthfully—that is, do not flatter. Speak not well of thyself, though ever so deserving, lest thou be tempted to vanity; but value more a good conscience than a good commendation.—*Burkell.*

A Light Burden.—"My burden is light." A light burden, indeed, which carries him that bears it. I have looked through all nature for a resemblance of this, and I seem to find a shadow of it in the wings of a bird, which are indeed borne by the creature, and yet support her flight towards heaven.—*St. Bernard.*

Bodily Infirmities.—Bodily infirmities, like breaks in a wall, have often become avenues through which the light of heaven has entered to the soul, and made the imprisoned inmate long for release.—*Dr. Watts.*

Prayer.—It is not the length, but the strength of prayer, that is required; not the labor of the lip, but the avail of the heart, that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, but full, and to the purpose.—*Spencer.*

A Pious Wish.—When the fall of affliction is upon me, let me not be the chaff that flies in thy face, but let me be the corn that lies at thy feet.—*Henry.*

Safely in Duty.—If we are in the path of duty, and if our help and our hope is in the name of the Lord, we may confidently expect that he will uphold us, however faint and enfeebled we may seem to be to ourselves and others.—*Newton.*

Death.—He that is well prepared for the great journey, cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep for his departure.—*Camper.*

A Great Event.—The conversion of a sinner to God, is an event never to be forgotten. It is an era in eternity; it is registered in heaven.—*Robert Hall.*

Luther's Divine.—"Three things make a divine: prayer, meditation and temptation.

An itinerant dentist lately called at a house in one of the far west towns, and applied for business. "Don't you want your teeth drawn?" says he to the owner. "No." "Don't your wife?" "No." "None of the children?" "No." "Can't you give me some sort of a job?" asked the dentist. "Why," replied the man, "I have an old cross-cut saw, the teeth of which are out of order. You can have a job if you'll fix 'em!"

A dandy who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it:—"Landlady, please pass your cow down this way." To whom the landlady thus retorted:—"Waiter, take the cow down where the calf is bleating."

A PLEA FOR THE SAILOR.

AN ODE,
BY MRS. MARY S. B. DANA.

Tune—"Sebastian Back."

A cry fills all the air!

Christian! it calls on thee!

Help for the mariner

Whose home is on the sea!

Ye rich! ye poor! it cries to you!

Salvation for the sailor too!

He hath a noble heart—

Free as the mountain wave;

But oh! your aid impart!

He hath a soul to save!

In all you give will God delight,

The rich man's gold—the widow's mite.

When roars the stormy blast,

And billows mount on high,

When, from the rocking mast

The yards and canvass fly—

Though hope depart, if God be there,

The Sailor's heart shall feel no fear.

While we, secure from harm,

On downy pillows sleep,

The Sailor feels the storm—

Tossed on the raging deep:

His home the sea—the wave he rides—

His heart still brave—what'er betides.

Ye dwellers on the land,

Beneath your peaceful shade,

Stretch forth the willing hand,

And give the Sailor aid:

Joyful to learn the way to Heaven,

He will not spurn the blessing given.

And when Religion's voice

Is heard o'er all the sea,

Thou shalt Heaven rejoice,

And earth keep jubilee!

When land and sea, in loud accord,

Shout hallelujahs to the Lord!

A WIFE WANTED.

Ye fair ones, attend! I've an offer to make you;

In Hymen's soft bands I am anxious to live,

For better, for worse, a companion I'll take me,

Provided she fills the description I give.

I neither expect or can hope for perfection,

For that never was a bachelor's lot;

But, choosing a wife, I would make a selection

Which many in my situation would not.

I'd have—let me see—I'd not have a beauty,

For beautiful women are apt to be vain;

Yet with a small share, I would think it a duty

To take her, be thankful, and never complain.

Her form must be good, no art to constrain it,

And rather above than below middle size;

A something (it puzzles my brain to explain it)

Like eloquent language must flow from her eyes.

She must be well bred or I could not respect her,

Good natured and modest, but not very coy—

Her mind well informed—'tis the purified nectar

That sweetens the cup of hymenial joy.

Her home she must love and domestic employment,

Have practical knowledge of household affairs;

And make it a part of her highest enjoyment,

To soften my trouble and lighten my cares.

Her age I would have at least to be twenty,

But not to exceed twenty-five at the most,

And the girls of that age being everywhere plenty,

I hope to get one of that numerous host.

No fortune I ask, for I've no predilection

For glitter and show, or the pomp of high life—

I wish to be bound by the cords of affection—

And now I have drawn you a sketch of a wife.

If any possess the above requisitions,

And wish to be bound by the conjugal band,

They will please to step forward—they know the conditions,

Inquire of the printer—I'm always at hand.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Two or three girls, and two or three boys,

Dirty and ragged and making a noise;

Some calling for this, and others for that;

One pinching the dog—another the cat;

And Bill, the sly rogue, with a sorrowful phiz,

Bawled out that "Sam's bread had more butter than his!"

And then the sly urchin, all covered with grease,

Sitting down on the hearth to examine each piece!

And if one is the wisest, or thickest, or longest,

Let him that's the weakest, beware of the strongest;

A battle ensues, and a terrible clatter;

The mother cries out what the mischief 's the matter;

Each tells his own story and tries to defend it;

"It won't do, you young rogue, a boxed ear must end it!"

The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a merry

round faced farmer. So independent, and yet

so free from vanities and pride. So rich, and

yet so industrious—so patient and persevering

in his calling, and yet so kind, social and ob-

liging. There are a thousand noble traits a-

bout his character. He is generally hospita-

ble—eat and drink with him, and he won't

set a mark on you and sweat it out with

double compound interest, as some I know

will—you are welcome. He will do you

kindness without expecting a return by way

of compensation—it is not so with every

body. He is generally more honest and sincere

—less disposed to deal in low and underhand

dealing, than many I could name. He gives

The Episcopal Convention of Philadelphia.

The business that has come before this as-

sembly during its present session has been,

in many respects, of a most agitating char-

acter calling for earnest consideration, and ex-

hibiting in various instances, more of personal

prejudice, and individual animosity, or

what has seemed to be such, than becometh a

convention of christians—in other words, a

religious brotherhood. The charges brought

against Dr. Hawkes with regard to his ap-

pointment as Bishop of Mississippi, emena-

ted chiefly, it is stated, from the pen of the

Rev. Dr. Mulenburg, and hinged upon the

supposed delinquency of Dr. Hawkes in the

management of St. Thomas Hall, Flushing,

L. I., the head of which institution he was for

two or three years previous to his election as

Bishop of Mississippi. On Friday, Dr.

Hawkes, in full assembly, made his own de-

fence, which is pronounced by the Philadel-

phia Gazette to have been full of cogent

reasoning, and with all touchingly eloquent.

The same paper says that there were no ora-

torial starts, no metaphors, nothing like in-

vective or apostrophe, no peroration, and but

little exordium, but there was not a heart that

was not centered upon the speaker, scarcely a

mind that was not occupied by his conclu-

sions. The sight, indeed was most solemn

and touching. The Church—a large one,

with accommodation for more than a thousand

people, was crowded by a dense mass from

organ to pulpit. But towards the centre of

the Church were all eyes turned. There stood

Dr. Hawkes, as feeble and chafed with his

long watching and the terrible suspense of his

position, he was vindicating the character

which to him was so dear, but which in the

hands of others, had been as a bauble. It was

impossible, indeed to listen to the tones of his

voice, broken as they were by the awful or-

deal through which he had passed, without

being subdued, if not convinced, and we will

venture to say that never, except in the single

case of Sheridan's famous speech on the Has-

tings impeachment, was a tribute so high paid

to eloquence. Immediately as Dr. Hawkes

closed, and on his retirement from the floor,

the Hon. Mr. Berrien, a delegate from Geor-

gia, arose, and besought the house at once,

with an immediate and unanimous vote to de-

clare, their conviction of the completeness of

the defence that had been heard. An adjourn-

ment, however, was moved by a distinguished

gentleman from Maryland, and ultimately

carried, on the ground that captivated as were

the mind of the whole House, that they were

unable to come, to an unbiased vote, and that

their conclusions, as adopted on the succeeding

day after mature deliberation, would be far

more gratifying to the reverend gentleman in

question.

At the close of the session on Monday, the

following resolution, offered by the Rev. Mr.

Cooke, of Rhode Island, was adopted. Ayes,

Clergy 17, Laity 18. All the nays answering

"excused."

Resolved—That in the opinion of this

house, the integrity of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes

has been sufficiently proved by his reply to

the charges brought against him in the memo-

rials presented to this house.

A Honey-Moon of three Months.

A late number of "Blackwood's Magazine"

contains a story, in which is described a

honey-moon which will interest, especially, our

fair readers, while it may well be received as

"a caution" by those "made of sterner stuff."

If such a honey-moon of three months could,

by any possibility, be prolonged to as many

years, who would be willing, at its close, to

"be buried with his heels upward." We

quote:—

"I accepted his proposal. The

very thought of marrying him was paradise;

and I did marry him. It was a constant suc-

cession of amusements, theatre, balls, excu-

sions, all enjoyed with the charming Lemaire.

And he so happy, too. I thought he would

have devoured me. We were verily in para-

dise for three months, at the end of which

time, he came, one morning, into the room,

swinging an empty purse into the air.

"Now, I think," said he, with the same

cheerful countenance that he usually wore,

"that I have proved my devotion to you in a

remarkable manner. Another man would

have thought it much if he had made some

sacrifice to gain possession of you for life; I

have spent every farthing I had in the world

to possess you for three months. Oh, that

those three months were to live over again.

But every thing has its end."

And he tossed the empty purse in his hand.

I laughed at what I considered a very plea-

sant jest; for who did not know that M. Le-

maire was a man of ample property? I laugh-

A French Courtship in the Olden Time.

It was with much feeling and

some sense of music, that these few indiffer-

ent stanzas were sung, one summer night in a

garden of Provence, some eighty years ago.

It was the very scene of song, the land of Pe-

trarch and the troubadours. But that chateau

of Louis XIII., with its cold, regular, formal

aspect, those straight and stately walks of

Louis XIV., those marble nymphs and god-

dessees, which seemed to shiver in the cold

moonlight, that long uniformity of wings and

windows, that grille all gilt with blazonry,

these things had far more of the eighteenth